



DC **SWAMP THING**

20c THE MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HORROR **PLOP!**

20c HOLD YOUR BREATH! THAT'S NOT THE EVENT! **SECRET ORIGINS** 20c OF SUPERHEROES AND SUPERVILLAINS

20c GIRL FRIEND **LOIS LANE**

20c **ARMY & NAVAL** 20c **ROCK**

20c WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? **Shadow**

20c IT'S BACK! HORRIBLE DREAMS! **THE SANDMAN**

20c **SHAZAM!**

20c OVER HERE, THEY GO! THAT WAY IS SUICIDE! **THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY**

20c **Tarzan** OF THE APES 1st DC ISSUE

20c **KAMANDI** THE LAST BOY ON EARTH!

20c PARIS HAD ITS EIFFEL TOWER... ROME, ITS COLISEUM... BUT THE STRANGEST CITY ON EARTH HAS... SUPER-KILLERS!

20c **Adventures in Black**

20c **BATMAN** THE ORIGIN OF TWO-FACE!

20c **LEAGUE OF AMERICA**

20c **THE ELONGATED MAN**

20c **PHANTOM STRANGER** MEETS **FRANKENSTEIN**

20c **SHAZAM!** THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN MAREL. THE MIRRORS THAT REVEALED THE FUTURE!

20c **UNCLE SAM** THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND FEARS!

20c **THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND FEARS!**



No. 30

SUMMER 1973

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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE
"I STILL LIVE"—Edgar Rice Burroughs

DC / ERB '72 - '73

by John Pocsik

Everybody dreams, and comic addicts are no exception. Personally, I would like to see Neal Adams do Conan; Berni Wrightson the adventures of Solomon Kane, Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser; and Barry Smith almost anything. I also have dreams of someday seeing quality reprints of Prince Valiant; all of the Foster and Hogarth Sunday Tarzan pages; Mac Raboy's Captain Marvel Jr. and early Flash Gordon work (before he went to balloons on the latter); and the complete Mr. Mind serial. That's just for openers.

When news that National Periodical Publications-DC Comics had secured rights to Tarzan, John Carter of Mars, Carson of Venus, and Innes of Pellucidar was released in the summer of 1971 it could not have had more of an impact on comic fandom in general, and the Bibliophiles in particular, than if the Barsomian atmosphere plant had begun to fail a second time.

Top artists were to handle each of the great Edgar Rice Burroughs' series: Joe Kubert - Tarzan; Murphy Anderson - John Carter; Frank Thorne - Korak, Son of Tarzan; Mike Kaluta - Carson; and Alan Weiss - Pellucidar. Great choices, one and all. Heading the list, of course, was veteran Joe Kubert who had revolutionized the adventure strip with his Viking Prince (one of the earliest sword and sorcery strips, in the Poul Anderson vein), the technically innovative Sgt. Rock of Easy Company (a war strip for those who hated war strips; remember the Iron Major?), and his piece de resistance, the gothic Enemy Ace.

Working with Curt Swan on the Superman strip, Murphy Anderson had pumped new life into that old Metropolis work-horse in the January 1971 issue. Heralded by a beautiful Neal Adams cover showing Superman snapping chains of Kryptonite, Swan and Anderson's "Superman Breaks Loose," the initial episode in the sand-creature epic, was a masterpiece. Anderson's clean, spare style boded well for the Warlord of Mars.

Frank Thorne, a Kubert disciple had been turning out consistently good work on the Son of Tomahawk strip and thus seemed suited to recount the adventures of the Ape Man's offspring.

Unless you were into the fanzine end of collecting and/or appreciation, Mike Kaluta and Alan Weiss might have been relatively unknown. The art samples which began showing up in various DC pubs that fall, however, promised alot as far as Venus and the inner world were concerned.

And so, after thirty years with Dell Comics (1937 the initial year) and later Gold Key, Tarzan of the Apes appeared on the stands in February 1972, bearing the DC stamp as well as the popular Foster-Tarzan logo. The cover, a Kubert gem showing the Ape Man in furious combat - eyes blazing - with a shaggy member of his tribe, proclaimed in large red letters (for those who may just have jetted in from Outer Mongolia): 1ST DC ISSUE. Tarzan comic completists were probably elated to find DC continuing the Dell/Gold Key issue numbering; this was actually number 207.

The first issue of KORAK appeared the following month, followed later on by yet another ERB title, TARZAN PRESENTS: EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' WEIRD WORLDS. At the start, John Carter of Mars was the backup feature in TARZAN, while KORAK's backups were Carson and David Innes. When Mar-

vel and DC comics reduced their page counts in early summer, this third title was created to provide a home for the orphaned Barsom and Pellucidar stories.

(DC had already found that books with "Weird" in the title sold well. Hence there was a plethora of Weird War Tales, Weird Mystery Tales, Weird Western Tales, and Weird World Tales - I suspect they would have tried Weird Love Tales if they thought they could have gotten away with it. DC did run into trouble with its DARK MANSION OF FORBIDDEN LOVE and SECRET HOUSE OF SINISTER LOVE magazines, and had to change the titles to something a bit less "racy.")

ERB's WEIRD WORLDS finally wound up featuring John Carter in the lead and Pellucidar as backup; Carson remained teamed with Korak.

We have had a year now of these publications. What has been going on? Let's consider each issue briefly and informally, starting with TARZAN.

TARZAN 207 (Apr 72) was a blockbuster, the first instalment of a four-part adaptation of ERB's classic origin tale, TARZAN OF THE APES. A very smart move on the part of editor-artist Joe Kubert, who must have realized from the start that no Tarzan novel could be successfully compressed into a one-issue format. Gold Key had tried this with only partial success, beginning with Russ Manning's version of TARZAN OF THE APES in issue 155 - Dec 65.

The reader was hooked right from the start of "Book One: Origin of the Ape Man." A fragile young girl is making her way through the jungle



labyrinth, searching for her missing father. The scruffy guide, Klaxton by name, is thinking what a snippy little skirt she is in her determination to push on when the party is suddenly attacked by a panther. In the melee that follows, a lithe, nearly naked figure appears and makes short work of the cat. Giving vent to the victory cry of the great bull ape, it just as suddenly vaults into the upper terraces, leaving open-mouthed spectators. When the girl wonders if perhaps this "man" might be able to locate her father, Klaxton suddenly narrates his history (admirably well-informed, that chap Klaxton). We flash back to events known to every schoolboy: the departure of Lord and Lady Greystoke from Dover in 1898; mutiny and madness on board the *Fuwalda*; the abandonment of the English couple on the lush African coast; and their day to day efforts to survive against a jungle full of strange skulking shadows. A son is born to John Clayton and his wife, but joy turns to leaden sorrow a year later when Lady Greystoke passes away.

At that point, the apes of the tribe of Kerkchak burst into the cabin, killing the man and generally tearing the place apart. But the she-ape Kala snatches the squalling human baby from its crib, exchanging the tiny broken body of her own offspring. Thus, the "white skin" comes to be brought up by the loving and devoted Kala. He soon proves different from his brothers and sisters. Although maturing more slowly than they, he is quicker and more agile, mischievous and introspective by turns - and of an inquiring reasoning mind. Eventually he discovers the cabin of his parents and the printed books and other artifacts of civilization, thus starting the ascent from the noble savage to the savage noble. The story ended with Tarzan's mortal fight with the monstrous bogani and Kala nursing him back to health.

Kubert set the tone for all the adventures to come. His art had the detail of Foster and the dynamism of Hogarth; it also had a somber brooding quality uniquely its own. Kubert presented a Tarzan who was truly a shadowy creature of the jungle, whose blazing eyes pierced the mysterious emerald murk. Tarzan had found his true interpreter once again.

Kubert continued the story of Tarzan's origin in TARZAN 208 (May 72), "Book Two: A Son's Vengeance." Still within the rather clumsy frame, Klaxton goes on to tell how the ape man grew to young manhood with its attendant identity crises: Tarzan engaging young Taug in a fight for the comely Teeka in a scene from JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN; Tarzan realizing, from his halting study of the books, that he is a M - A - N; and his first sight of other human beings - the natives of the tribe of M'Bonga (first given in the comic as "M'Bongo") - who have moved into the area. Tragedy stalks Tarzan again: Kulonga, hunter-son of M'Bonga, kills Kala with his bow. Tarzan exacts vengeance by leaping out of the trees (Kubert utilized a series of long shots for this) and stabbing his "mother's" killer to death.

(ERB purists no doubt objected to this scene. In the novel, Tarzan lassoed Kulonga by the neck nailed him up into a tree and there plunged his knife into his enemy's heart. Then he paused briefly, wondering if he should eat his enemy as jungle ethic dictated. Subconsciously, however, he knew that "man does not eat man." The Comics Code Authority, liberalized though it may have become, was definitely not ready for this - although Kubert had been able to draw a nude Tarzan without resorting to strategically placed bushes, shielding vines and tree trunks.)

The instalment ended with Tarzan beginning his campaign of terror in M'Bonga's village (the effigy of skulls).

TARZAN 209 (Jun 72), "Book Three: A Mate For The Ape Man", told of Tarzan's battle with Kerkchak and his kingship among the apes; of his fight with Terkoz (a marvelous multi-paneled battle scene on page 7 made this memorable); and his continuing development. Professor Porter and his daughter Jane, accompanied by William Clayton, come ashore one day near Tarzan's cabin. The villainous Snipe is about to shoot young Clayton when he suddenly crumples to the sward, a spear blade protruding from his chest. Events swiftly pile on one another with Clayton's rescue by the ape man; Tarzan's rescue of Jane and her maid from Sabor; his realization of his love for the long-haired blonde; and the start of their idyll in the jungle Eden.

"Book Four: Civilization" in TARZAN 210 (Jul 72) completed the first Tarzan novel. Tarzan saves the Frenchman D'arnot from the murderous tribesmen of M'Bonga (this time he is shown lassoing a native and dropping him in the midst of a crowd) and begins his trek to civilization after Jane. Eventually, now refined and cultured, he turns up in Baltimore only to hear the crushing news that she is engaged to Clayton. Stoically renouncing his inheritance, he leaves the two to their particular sunset - at which point we are snapped back to the "present", with Tarzan descending from the trees before the startled girl and Klaxton with her father. With a bit of philosophizing as to whether true civilization can be found in the jungle depths or amid the city canyons, Joe Kubert brought to a close his first Burroughs adaptation. Again, purists might grumble at his omission of the forest fire scene and the rescue of Jane from the inferno,



but on the whole Kubert scored an artistic bullseye. It is interesting to note that he constantly referred to the original Hal Foster story strip which appeared in newspapers in January 1929. Many of Kubert's panels are based directly on the originals by Foster, only drawn from slightly different angles.

TARZAN 211 (Aug 72) offered readers a different type of story. "Land of the Giants" was a curious amalgam of original art by Kubert and reprinted Burne Hogarth Sunday pages. It was based in part on the "Tarzan and the Fatal Fountain" episode which appeared from May 1 1942 to August 2 1942. Tarzan is lolling in the sun-dappled upper terraces one day when he decides to cool off with a dip. Bad judgement on his part - after a short bout with a croc, he is swept over falls to find himself in the hands (literally) of incredibly huge natives and the sinister dwarf, Martius Kalban. Sequestered in the inevitable lost valley, the inhabitants have discovered a fountain, the waters of which produce giantism in human and animal life. Tarzan kills a lion as big as a small rhino. Kalban causes the natives to fight among themselves, then slinks off to quaff the heady brew, turning into a lion-skin clad giant. He challenges Tarzan to a fight and is swiftly strangled by the no-nonsense ape man (hard cheese, Martius!). Tarzan and the dwarf's shapely assistant, Olga, are flying out of the valley when a giant ape hops on the tail of the plane. In one of the more unbelievable Hogarth episodes, Tarzan clambers out onto the wing, knocks the creature off, then parachutes back into the Kubert jungle world.

"Land of the Giants," (like its television namesake) was a step backward, victim of that compression I spoke of above. Too much happened in too short a time. It is mainly of interest to those fans who longed to see Burne Hogarth reprinted; from hints dropped earlier, I had assumed "pure" Hogarth pages might be reprinted every fourth or fifth issue. Seeing a Kubert Tarzan in one panel followed by a Hogarth Tarzan in the next was a bit distracting, to say the least. Thankfully, the reproduction of the Sunday page panels was a cut above DC's usual reprint quality.

TARZAN 212 (Sep 72) gave Burroughs' fans one of the finest Kubert Tarzan tales to date: "The Captive" (based on "The Capture of Tarzan" from JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN). Tarzan discovers M'Bonga's people digging a pit to trap Tantor the elephant. He saves his old friend, but is captured himself. M'Bonga's people rejoice that they have finally caught the Munago Kewati that has been terrorizing their nights and tie Tarzan between two stout stakes in the approved Fay Wray fashion. The torchlit scene where Tarzan regains consciousness and rips one of the posts completely out of the ground is unforgettable. Tantor comes to the rescue of his young friend, M'Bonga is spared and Tarzan makes his getaway. Kubert's night scenes of frenzied pandemonium with Tarzan hurling bodies left and right rank among his finest work. Of interest also in this particular issue was a short feature, text and pictorial, "Drawing the Ape Man" with art examples by Foster, Maxon, Hogarth, Crandall, Finlay, Lubbers, Krenkel, St. John, Arting, Celardo, Manning, and of course Kubert.

"Balu of the Great Apes" (based on "The Fight For The Balu" from JUNGLE TALES) appeared in TARZAN 213 (Oct 72). It told of Tarzan's attempts to lavish some affection on the balu of Taug and Teeka, their hostile rebuffs, and Tar-



zan's rescue of the baby from a pair of hungry panthers. Kubert included some fine jungle background touches in this story and also employed one of his more effective devices from the Sgt. Rock-Thony Ace days: the use of cinematic panels at the bottom of each page - here, the watchful eyes of the panthers - to develop the action from another viewpoint.

TARZAN 214 (Nov 72) concerned itself with "The Nightmare" (from the story of the same title in JUNGLE TALES). Featuring an effective (and horrific) cover showing Tarzan menaced by a giant bird and a vile snake-man, the issue's action proceeded fast and furious. Tarzan sneaks into the sleeping village of M'Bonga and eats some tainted meat. In his dreams, he is stalked by a stone lion, carried away by a hideous flying creature, and transfixed by the stare of the snake-thing. Waking and wondering at the fine lines between dream and reality, he meets in combat what at first he believes to be yet another dream-creature: a white ape!

TARZAN 215 (Dec 72) contained another hybrid, "The Mine." This time Kubert used an early Sunday sequence by Hal Foster as the basis for an account of Tarzan's liberation of down-trodden native miners from a cruel white master. The mine scenes by Foster (from the City of Gold sequence) retained their power; reproduction quality was much better this time and Joe's art blended quite effectively with Foster's. The first page of "The Mine" is strongly reminiscent of the opening of Robert A. Howard's Solomon Kane tale, "The Footfalls Within."

Kubert presented us a morality play in TARZAN 216 (Jan 73) with "The Renegades." Evil, slaughtering whites, seeking to filch gems from a jungle-clotted temple, come to a bad end at the hands of the temple statuary and Tarzan, who spears two of the killers at one time. I kept getting the impression, however, that I was wat-



ching a rerun of LORD JIM - the final confrontation in the temple between Jim and Gentleman Brown. All that Tarzan lacked were clothes and Peter O'Toole's golden ringlets. The cover was also slightly misleading.

In TARZAN 217 (Feb 73), Tarzan meets up with "The Black Queen" named Kyra who rules over yet another of those lost civilizations. Kyra, whose parents were slain by slavers, has become an enemy of every white man, but is led to see the light of compassion because of Tarzan. And although she asks him to rule by her side, he leaves, accompanied by the queen's huge black lion. The time element is a little puzzling in this story for Queen Kyra, who seems to be fairly young, can remember the slavers with their masted ships; yet the very next story, "The Trophy," in TARZAN 218 (Mar 73), seems to be set in our own time.

"The Trophy" tells of the ruthless millionaire Darryl T. Hanson who makes the stupid mistake of killing Tarzan's black lion for sport. Tarzan executes a rather grim revenge, driving the panic-stricken and weaponless man through the jungle night until he finally stumbles into a quicksand trap. Tarzan lowers the hunter's high-powered rifle for the man to grab hold of - drops it!

Thus twelve issues of superlative Kubert. But what about the other Burroughs' comics?

KORAK, SON OF TARZAN began his tenure at DC with issue 46 (May-Jun 72). Joe Orlando (a veteran of the Entertaining Comics era and subsequent editor of DC's astonishing horror classic SWAMP THING) edited, with Len Wein scripting; Frank Thorne was the artist.

The first new Korak adventure found him journeying to "The Treasure Vaults of Opar" with a motley group. The usual captures and escapes from Opar's hairy inhabitants occurred and justice was meted out to those who lusted for the city's bullion. (Too bad no one ever brought E. R. Burroughs' "accounts" to the attention of Auric Goldfinger.) Thorne's artwork, while entirely suited for the strip, lacked the dynamic movement of the man he most emulated - Joe Kubert. Most of the action scenes had a curious static quality to them, while the strip itself looked unfinished, rough. Thorne's Korak did look like the genuine article, however, and acted like a true son of Tarzan, rather than just another boy.

In KORAK 47 (Jul-Aug 72), the son of Tarzan was pitted against the Nazi Menace and its "War Machine." Von Stryker, a typically tyrannic movie-German, had enslaved the natives to help



out in the war effort. Naturally, Korak felt it his duty to free them. There was a strong cinematic influence in this story (as in most of the DC-Korak efforts): from Huston's THE AFRICAN QUEEN we had a dilapidated one-stacker scow named the "Gypsy Belle"; Von Stryker (Anton Diffring would have fit the role perfectly) fell to his death in a scene right out of Hitchcock's SABOTEUR, complete with the tearing coat sleeve.

KORAK 48 (Sep-Oct 72) found Korak in a more typical ERB adventure in the land of Pal-ul-don. The "mad god" Jad-Ben-Otho had invaded the prehistoric valley and was victimizing the tailed people while stealing their gold to fabricate a gigantic idol of himself. Looking just a little like Victor Von Doom, but without the other's charisma or tactical expertise, the "mad god" met his match in Korak and wound up buried beneath a cascade of molten gold (shades of Doctor No!). Thorne's layouts and finished art vastly improved with this tale, and his action scenes were exciting, especially when Korak fought the Arabs to free the tailed girl, Lon-at-lo. And evidently writer Wein was doing his Burroughs' homework.

The cover for KORAK 49 (Nov-Dec 72) was spectacular, even for Joe Kubert who had been doing them (as well as the covers of TARZAN and quite a few other DC war mags) from the start. It showed Korak lifting a greyish lizard-man over his head while a hissing horde of others closed in. The cover told it all, in big yellow letters: THE ORIGIN OF KORAK, SON OF TARZAN. Readers eagerly picking up the comic probably expected a version of ERB's SON OF TARZAN, and they got it - sort of.

Beginning with Jack Clayton befriending an ape at a Piccadilly vaudeville show, the story quickly progressed to his rescue of the girl Meriem and her kidnapping. From that point, the story veered sharply: seeking the lost Meriem, Korak returned to his friends in Pal-ul-don who informed him that she had been taken into the underworld of the lizard-men. Korak made the descent into the depths, only to be captured himself by the creatures. "The Search" of Korak ended just as he was about to break free.

A change was made with this issue, Joe Kubert doing the writing and editing.

KORAK 50 (Jan-Feb 73) continued the underground fantasy, courtesy of Bob Kanigher. Continuing his descent, Korak encountered some sightless humanoid creatures and a very Jules Verne-ish explorer, Professor Drood. Korak finally caught up with Meriem only to see her tumble into a flame-belching volcanic crack.

Meriem was not dead! This heartening news





greeted us, and the son of Tarzan, in issue 51 (Mar-Apr 73). Korak again found his love, but also became a slave of the creatures of the fuel pits. After a rather silly "game" any telephone lineman or OGS candidate would have been proficient at, Korak led a revolt of the human slaves against the molten men, thwarting their dream of world domination. In the resulting chaos of scalding steam and shattering pipes, Meriem was lost once again. A dejected Korak headed back toward the surface with Professor Dood.

By this time Frank Thorne's art on the Korak strip had turned it into a viable entity, a thrilling world of heroic deeds and epic wanderings. We had grown accustomed to Thorne's individual style, while he in turn had grown used to the material.

That figured.

Murphy Anderson took Korak over with issue 52.

When it was announced that Murphy Anderson would be doing the John Carter of Mars strip, rejoicing among fans was almost universal. Anderson had pioneered the "clean look" in his art utilizing detailed, but fairly simple backgrounds. His panels flowed smoothly. he was the perfect choice to show us the dead ochre sea bottoms of Barsom and its deserted metropoli.

It is one of the Great Mysteries of Life why certain literary properties lie dormant for so long before the comics discover them. It took a healthy resurgence of interest in Robert E. Howard's Conan of Cimmeria stories, packaged attractively by Lancer paperbacks with breath-taking Frazetta covers, before Marvel decided to issue Conan THE BARBARIAN. One wonders why, then, that with the exception of John Coleman Burroughs' John Carter episodes in THE FUNNIES and his strip for United Features in the 40's (debut in the Chicago Sun on December 7, 1941) and the Dell trilogy by Jesse Marsh, it took so long for the comics to rediscover the grand-daddy of all sword-slinging, maid-saving heroes.

(And one can always speculate as to which artist might do the definitive John Carter strip. I've always held, as I ducked Vern Coriell's vine lasso, that Burne Hogarth could do the Warlord of Mars just as well as he has the noble Ape Man. Neal Adams could, and indeed has recently for the quality publication, HERITAGE 1b, which is devoted to every aspect of Flash Gordon you might be interested in. Neal turned in a remarkable black and white wash strip titled simply "The Warrior." In this brief account, Flash not only meets up with the legendary John Carter - who saves him from a savage

thark - but the two also discover another Burroughs' character in their vicinity! Vern also has strong feelings about which movie studio could do justice to A PRINCESS OF MARS and points with glee to the action sequences in the Disney cartoon SLEEPING BEAUTY, particularly the scene where the Prince escapes from the Castle Minister. I would hold out for a team-up of Don Siegel, Sam Peckinpah, and Ray Harryhausen. Ah, idle speculation, the wine of dreamers. Would Clint Eastwood make a good John Carter?)

The first chapter of John Carter of Mars appeared in TARZAN 207. Entitled "Arrival," it told exactly of that: Carter's tussle with the Indians, loss of consciousness in the nighted cave (minus the pursuing hostiles and that awful moaning and rustling), his awakening, and in a beautifully-realized series of panels, his transfer to the beckoning red planet Mars.

Anderson's initial depiction of the Martian landscape, while startling, seems to only casually resemble Burroughs' description of a mosaic-covered sea bed, with a few outcroppings of crystal and far off low hills. Perhaps the artist took too literally Captain Carter's statement that "...the sun was shining full upon me and the heat of it was rather intense upon my naked body, yet no greater than would have been true under similar conditions on an Arizona desert." At any rate, Anderson's landscapes looked rather like a miniature Monument Valley, complete with natural rock arches, Hogarthian cones and pillars, and even what looked like petrified anemone.

Carter discovers the hatchery of the tharks and is studying the little green creatures when a thrown spear alerts him to the fact that here too the natives are a blood-thirsty lot. He casually flips one of the four-armed warriors and wins their respect. This first chapter in the adaptation of A PRINCESS OF MARS closed with Carter being hustled off to the city of the tharks.

As expected, one of the hottest areas of controversy - at least in Bibliophile circles - regarding this strip lay in Anderson's depiction of the green men and their rather sauroid-looking throats. Ignoring the interpretations of such artists as J. Allen St. John, John Coleman Burroughs, and the fantastic Richard Corben, Anderson drew the tharks with a double torso or body trunk; each torso had its own set of arms whereas the traditional concept (and one that seems anatomically more valid) was to have one main body trunk for all four arms.

Oh well...who would imagine that Barry Smith could draw the perfect Conan once upon a time?

TARZAN 207 contained a full page puff for the second Barsomian instalment, "Prisoner of the Tharks." The artist was going to be Gray Morrow, and, by Issus! could that man draw John Carter! Poised with sword in hand, John Carter crouched in hairy-chested magnificence (another first!) before a ravishingly "destitute" raven-haired maid. A gleaming futuristic city, hideous thark faces, and a robot running amok completed the mood. Who among us did not count the seconds until that next issue?

Gray Morrow's contribution to the John Carter saga (with perhaps a few touches by Kubert here and there) was a knock-out in TARZAN 208. Here was the perfect artist and we all knew it. Who else could draw a crumbling Martian city like him, with its oddly textured stone and shattered statury? Who else could make the calot a fearful, toadlike creature, yet with a hint of friendliness about it? Who else could draw the

follow John Carter of MARS
in: PRISONER of the THARKS ILLUSTRATED BY
IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF **TARZAN**



tharks as we had always pictured them (and who cares if they were a bit smaller than Burroughs had described them?).

John Carter was now a high-regarded prisoner of the green men. This segment told of his attempts to elude his Martian watchdog and go exploring. He gets himself involved in a fierce battle with a white ape in a deserted building; Carter and calot save each other's lives, and the earthman now has an ally. The next chapter promised us the incomparable Dejah Thoris; I know that I, having seen P. Matania's painting of the Princess, wondered what Morrow would do with her.

As it turned out, there was no "Morrow." Murphy Anderson once again was on the strip in TARZAN 206. The tharks shoot down a number of aircraft which resemble inflatable naval hovercraft more than the baroque sharp-prowed ships of the air we had been expecting. And here at last was Dejah Thoris, looking for all the world like a cooch dancer or a Sunset Strip bar girl. Her costume was authentically brief, even if it was more utilitarian than Burroughs' "harness."

(Too, the debut of a nude John Carter and Dejah Thoris would have been too much for the Comics Code to take.)

John Carter rescues the girl from her brutal captors and there is an interesting page devoted to the life style of the tharks. The strip was following the original novel closely, and one has to give Anderson credit: his version was a good one, even if not exactly what we had wished for.

It was now summer of 1972. Comics were having their financial ups and downs (weren't we all?). When prices (and page counts) were rolled back, DC Comics launched a third Burroughs title - TARZAN PRESENTS: EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' WEIRD WORLDS. Readers were alerted to this fact by a

small notice in blue that future stories of John Carter would be appearing in this new magazine. Did this mean that the policy of a "guest-artist" every other issue would continue?

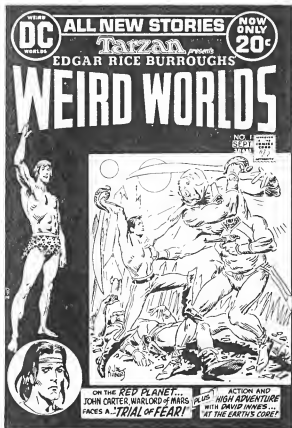
Not at all.

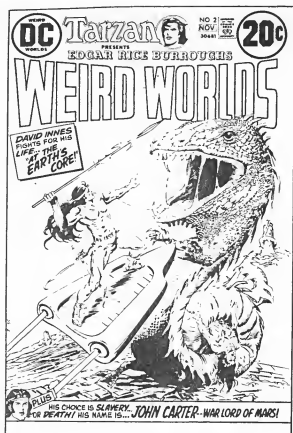
Joe Kubert drew the cover for the first issue of WEIRD WORLDS which hit the stands in June (Aug-Sep issue). A smiling Tarzan stood off to one side, hand upraised, greeting new readers (and hopefully new buyers). The major portion of the cover showed John Carter slash-hacking it out with a ferocious thark - Kubert following Anderson's tharkian anatomy - while said thark was preparing to give Carter an extra navel with his radium pistol. The prism-crystal horizon was sharply etched by the light of the two Martian moons. Beneath Tarzan's feet, a sour-visaged fellow glowered. One assumed it is David Innes, irked that he has been squeezed out of top spot on the cover.

(Kubert's Carter, by the way, vaguely resembled his earlier creation, the Hammer of Hell.)

Anderson drew a magnificent splash page heralding the further adventures of John Carter (who appeared with long hair! bound Indian style). "Trial of Fear" recounted the "origin" of Carter (Morrow had done the same in his segment) before getting under way. This time the earthman had to battle the evil machinations of the gross Lorquas Ptomel (a most effective battle scene) to protect his princess.

WEIRD WORLDS 2 (Oct-Nov) saw Carter finally making his bid for "Escape" with Dejah, Sola, and Woola. Things go amiss, and, although the girls get away safely in one flyer, Carter has an unwelcome passenger on his as he awkwardly soars into the mounting zenith: Tars Tarkas. The two engage in a merciless duel which ends in a draw. Before hostilities can be renewed, the craft loses altitude and the fighters have to ditch, drifting in toward a shore populated by the





dreadful plant-men of Barsoom. The main plot of A PRINCESS OF MARS has been exchanged for the more exotic one of THE GODS OF MARS.

Action picked up tempo with this instalment. It is also interesting to note the changes in Dejah Thoris' costume; just a wee bit more flesh is covered this time.

Joe Orlando did the cover for WEIRD WORLDS 2 - a rather symbolic one which shows David Innes astride a jet sled hurtling in to spear an enormous serpent. Or is it John Carter? Apparently DC was trying to give us the best of both possible "weird worlds."

John Carter and Tars Tarkas went "Into The Valley of Death" in WEIRD WORLDS 3 (Dec 72 - Jan 73). This chapter is quite possibly one of the finest pieces of art Anderson ever turned in on the strip - in places. Carter and the thark defend themselves against the leaping, gnashing plant-men before attempting a hazardous climb up the crystal cliffs. Meanwhile, Sola and Dejah are being menaced by what appears to be the scariest-looking banth on all Barsoom - equipped with wings yet! Sola exclaims, "Great Issue!" as the beast goes GRAWWWLLLLL. Even that cartoon banth in Disney's "Mars and Beyond" was more formidable.

Meanwhile, back at the Valley of Death, the two warriors have gained the cliff's summit to find a Fantasy-land type castle, which they enter. Banths attack, and during the fight Carter dives into a tunnel where he comes face to face with "Thuvia - Huntress of Hell." She is a cooker, with smouldering eyes and sullen mouth.

Changes were made in issue 4 (Feb-Mar), for Sal Amendola had replaced Murphy Anderson as the strip's penciller; Joe Orlando was inking while Marv Wolfman continued to write.

I imagine that by this time Burroughs purists had given up on getting a straight novel-by-novel version of the Barsoomian saga, deciding

instead to let the action take them where it might.

"Thuvia" fights with Carter for a few moments before coming to the realization that he might be a useful ally. Demonstrating her ability to control the banths (drawn much better this time) Thuvia, Carter, Tars and group make their way through the tunnels and escape the Therna.

What had looked like a winged banth threatening the girls last issue now turned out to be the "last farse", managed by the golden-skinned Dotan, who leads the girls through a dimensional portal into the hidden city of dreams, Sorkan "where are nurtured the greatest minds, the most wonderful arts." The history of Sorkan has been an unhappy one, its inhabitants tracked and harried by outlanders until now Dotan is the last survivor. He asks Dejah Thoris to stay with him and "help this city grow once again." Dotan, a very civic-minded citizen, is not one to waste time! However, Dejah's heart is in the lowlands and Helium, and so Dotan sends them off on the back of Cham, the last farse, calling after the departing princess that she can have the city of eternal peace - and Dotan - if she ever changes her mind.

Meanwhile, Carter and his group run into a foray of black pirates. Furious (and much more lively) swordplay occurs. Eventually, Thuvia, Tars, and John himself take off for Helium.

Amendola's art was a radical departure from Anderson's ordered spare style. He eliminated panel borders altogether in many scenes to good effect and his pencils had a power to them.

We wondered what would come next.

"Carson of Venus" started in KODAK 46. Its artist was Mike Kaluta, relatively new to the professional ranks. From the beginning, Kaluta's virtuosity and eye for fine detail made him an asset to the strip - aided by scripter Len Wein





(who would soon be making some amazing plot developments for the marvelous *SWAMP THING* book). "Mars - Or Bust!" introduced us to Carson Napier - a shaggy blond bear of a man who has designed a projectile to get to Mars.

Things went wrong. Napier had discounted the moon's gravitational pull in his computations, and eventually the rocket began veering toward Venus. The sequence where the craft hurtles down through the cloud-wrack of Venus' upper atmosphere and Napier's descent by parachute in the darkness onto the giant branch-avenues is one of the most vivid in recent comic history. Kaluta (or DC's top colorist) masterfully utilized different gloomy shades to suggest the eerie Venusian night and the lonely voids of space.

Napier was attacked by a monstrous spider-crablike thing, but managed to escape. The episode ended with the earthing being taken in by the barbaric tree natives and listening to the screams in the night.

The next chapter in KORAK 47 found a bearded Carson learning the Antonian language from his guardian Danus and the Venusians' theories about their own planet. One day, while jogging along a terrace, Carson spies a group of men hiding amidst the growth, apparently intent on doing mischief to the beautiful "Girl in the Garden." Moving with the swiftness of a panther, Carson snatched a sword from one of the brutes and braced himself, in true Burroughs' fashion, for the onslaught.

Kaluta's art for this segment seemed slightly less polished; one wished for just a little more background detail as far as the treetop city was concerned. (It was also with KORAK 47 that "Pel-lucidar" was dropped.)

"Battle Cry" shouted the title of the next chapter in KORAK 48. Although Kaluta's art had lost its initial fine-line quality, it was replaced by a rough-hewn style entirely fitted to

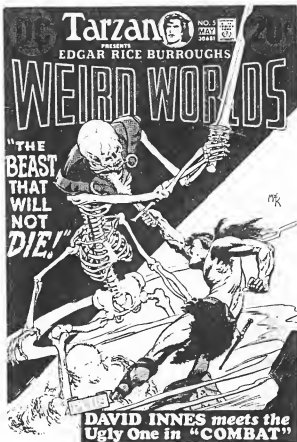
depict the savage sword fight between Carson and the lurkers, whom he drove off from the girl's chambers. From Danus, he learned a bit more of the history of Vepaja - and of the girl he should not have seen.

Something happened to Kaluta in KORAK 49: the artwork looked extremely crude and scratched out even by the most tolerant standards. This was surprising in view of the fact that Mike was also at this time turning out a series of graphically breath-taking covers for many of DC's horror books.

Before Carson went out "Gathering Tare," he finally met the girl whom he had saved from a fate worse than, and who had so utterly fascinated him. She was incredibly ugly, as depicted; no wonder she was "the one who must not be seen." In fact, most of the characters in this episode seemed to go out of their way to pose themselves weirdly, in a cross between anatomy text illustrations and low melodrama. The encounter with the targo in the web and Carson's rescue of Kamlot salvaged a bit of the story.

But, as August Derleth once said, the wheel turns. KORAK 50's story, "Terror From The Sky," was a Kaluta triumph. In places it looked as if the spirit of J. Allen St. John might have been guiding the artist's hand, so vividly drawn was the Venusian forest with its titan trunks interlaced by shafts of brilliant sunlight. This chapter dealt with Napier and Kamlot's encounters on the forest floor with the raging baste and their capture by the klangan.

Napier organized a "Mutiny At Sea" in KORAK 51. Taken on board the massive vessel of the Thorists as a slave, he soon appointed his "Soldiers of Liberty" (perhaps he was an avid *sea* or Golden Age comics too?). When a gigantic sea monster menaced the ship at a convenient moment, Carson, Kamlot, Honan, and the rest revolted. Once again Mike Kaluta's depiction of the ship's armor and weaponry, as well as the blood-



dled the artwork (with another assist from the omnipresent Mr. Bunker?) for TARZAN issues 213 through 215, providing us with a vivid picture of the alien planet Poloda which has been wrecked by constant warfare. His scenes of aerial combat, with Tangor fighting the controls of a strange futuristic craft, were quite good.

Howard Chaykin took over from Green with issue 216, taking Tangor from the underwater realms of Poloda to another hothouse planet entirely (this strip really moved around). One can only assume that Chaykin (who was to be the primary artist on SWORD OF SORCERY - and a very good one!) had an off day or was rushed when he turned this instalment in. It shows.

BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR received a badly needed shot in the arm when "Murph the Serf" Anderson took over in TARZAN 217 with "Forest of Peril." Anderson was in his element, this time producing artwork that fit the story like a glove; his landscapes had just the right amount of other-worldliness. In this chapter, Tangor saved a monkey-creature from a charging monster.

In TARZAN 218, Tangor fought for a "Princess of Doom" - a healthy-looking lass who might just have stepped down out of a cover of good old PLANET COMICS (there was even a taboo-breaking bit of nudity). The episode ended with the red-headed Tangor walking off arm in arm with the girl Zita into the mist-shrouded bog towards the shining bubble from which she had appeared. The text told us: "In the next issue learn what lies ahead for Tangor in a world unknown - beyond the farthest star!"

The couple might just as well have been walking into the sunset, for DC dropped the strip with that issue.

DC Comics also released two digest-sized books of reprints during the summer of 1972. One was devoted to the antics of Laurel and Hardy, the other to Tarzan. TARZAN DIGEST (cover by Kubert) carried reprints of three Russ Manning Sunday strip adventures: "Tarzan and the Rite of the Great Apes," "Tarzan and the Ant Men," and "Tarzan and the Attack of the Beast Men," along with that old standby, the Jungle Dictionary. A fine issue, it bombed on the stands.

We've had a year now of the new ERB comics. In most cases, all of the strips have lived up to our hopes and generally been well conceived, especially Kubert's Tarzan and Kaluta's Carson.

Some problems still hang on, however.

Artists continue to move off and onto strips like blinking neon. Dan Green is currently doing Pellucidar, while Murphy Anderson has been given Korak. Thorne and Weiss are gone, but Joe Kubert is still there, currently winding up a four part version of THE RETURN OF TARZAN (which may prove to be even better than TARZAN OF THE APES). Hurry up and get to TARZAN THE UNTAMED, Joe!

And in case my comments anent Mike Kaluta's skill may have sounded negative, I refer readers to the cover of the present issue of WEIRD WORLDS (6): it shows David Innes gunning down a pack of beast-men while Perry lies stricken at his feet. It's a stupendous cover and should dispel any doubt as to whether Kaluta should be called a true Burroughs artist. (Mike's version of THE SHADOW will also be appearing later this summer.) And kudos for Green who has done his best work to date in that issue.

As far as future plans are concerned, there's some good news and some bad news. First the good news.

In the very near future (probably May), DC will publish issue 19 of their SUPER-SPECTACULAR 100 PAGE series, which will be devoted to Tarzan and will have four more Manning Sunday reprints: "The Elephant's Guardian," "Prisoners in Opar," "How I Met Tarzan" (Jane's own story), and "Tarzan's Battle With Time" which has been described as one of Manning's best stories. Rumor also has it that DC may reprint Russ' new English work next year.

Now the bad news.

I quote from Jim Steranko's fine newspaper on the field, COMIXSCENE (Mar-Apr 73 issue - and another invaluable tool for collector and Biblio phile alike - subs from Box 445, Wyomissing, Pa. 19610): "National News Section...With the eighth issue of Weird Worlds, there will no longer be any Edgar Rice Burroughs characters in the book. They will be replaced in all the other DC books, except the Tarzan and Korak titles. John Carter and Pellucidar are apparently being dropped because the royalties to the Burroughs estate are too stiff. Replacing John Carter and David Innes will be Iron Wolf...a doctor, pirate, swordsman, philosopher, and anything else you would care to mention..."

Oh well...I wonder what a Jack Kirby John Carter would be like, or -hey!- maybe Steranko's free and...



H.R.H. THE WRITER

SOME THOUGHTS ON HAGGARD'S SHE AND THE SOURCES OF ERB'S NOVELS by Vernell W. Coriell

I am not a man of letters, capable of analyzing or weighing the similarities between the works of Henry Rider Haggard and Edgar Rice Burroughs, or discoursing on such similarities in profound and scholarly prose. Neither am I so stupid or blindly fanatical about Burroughs as to believe that he was not inspired and influenced by the minds and ideas of others through their writings. This is true of any author, including William Shakespeare; indeed it is true of the practitioner of any profession: Rudyard Kipling put it very neatly when he wrote:

When 'Omer struck 'is bloomin' lyre
'E'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
And wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went an' took, the same as me.

Every story-teller since time immemorial has in one way or another drawn his material from earlier narratives both true and imaginary, and Edgar Rice Burroughs like every other fiction writer drew the basic ingredients of his yarns from the vast reservoir of fact and fancy to be found in myth, legend, history, literature, and science.

ERB was inspired to write *TARZAN THE TERRIBLE* because a fan sent him articles about prehistoric animals supposedly still living in the jungles of Africa. He was prompted to write sequels to his first two Pellucidar books when Ralph Milne Farley sent him a volume arguing for the idea of polar openings to an inner world within the earth.* And you have only to read the opening paragraphs of "The Resurrection of Jibber-Jaw" to realize what suggested to him the basic idea of that story.

One could go on and on, filling a book with theories about the wellsprings from which ERB drew his stories. Indeed, one fan has done just that. The fan is Richard Lupoff, and the book is *Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure*. This volume consists of synopses of almost the entire works of ERB. It turns out to be a critique of those works, in which Mr. Lupoff becomes something of a source-seeking sorcerer -- especially in the chapter in which he attempts to cram down the reader's throat his own conjecture that Edwin Lester Arnold's books, *Phra the Phoenician* and *Gulliver of Mars* (the Ace Books title), were the inspirations for ERB's John Carter and Barsoom!

Now Mr. Lupoff is certainly entitled to his opinion, and has the right to voice and publish it anywhere and any way he pleases. But I have equally the right to disagree with his supposition, and shall so disagree until Mr. Lupoff can come up with the proof of his surmise. As it stands now, there are holes in his hypothesis large enough to fly the C-20 through!

* See Maurice Gardner's "Trailblazer to Pellucidar" in *Burroughs Bulletin* # 20, p. 14. It is impossible to say when or how ERB came upon the basic idea of Pellucidar, for the concept of a world within the earth may be traced back to the religious beliefs of various ancient peoples. To medieval Europe it was best known as the subject of Dante Alighieri's *Inferno*, a classic literary work still widely read for the insights it gives us to the thought and customs of the Middle Ages. Very likely ERB saw this book (particularly the popular 1962 edition with the famous Gustave Doré illustrations) -- even though he may never have read it through -- and gradually evolved his conception of Pellucidar from it. In 1692 the English astronomer Edmund Halley worked out an elaborate "theory of concentric spheres" of the earth's structure to account for the planet's magnetic field and the slight wandering of the magnetic poles. John Cleves Symmes, American soldier, accepted and popularized Halley's idea in 1818; and during the rest of the 19th century quite a few fiction writers, including Poe and Verne, produced stories involving the inner-world idea.

I refer to Lupoff as a "sorcerer" not to be derogatory, but because his book has the distinction of being published in hard covers and therefore will find its way into libraries. Now for some strange reason, people who find books of reference in libraries seem to believe that such works must be authoritative or they wouldn't be there. So Lupoff becomes a sorcerer of sorts; like "The Shadow" he is given the power "to cloud men's minds" because his book, being in a library, will be accepted as gospel when in fact it is mere speculation.

To be sure, it is a lot of fun to dig at the core of things -- but it can become a rather ghoulish game in which one becomes something of a literary vulture that picks, picks, picks at the bones of the author and eventually reaches the conclusion that the writer never had an original idea in his life! As far as I'm concerned, however, Edgar Rice Burroughs was one of the most originally creative writers in the world -- certainly he is far more imitated than imitative! But again, I am not trying to suggest that ERB was not influenced by the works of others. Hulbert Burroughs, ERB's son, told me that one of his father's favorite books was Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Undoubtedly this novel led ERB to write *The Mad King*, but except for the idea that the hero is a look-alike double to the king, ERB's work is a new and original story, and a captivating one.

Where did ERB get his inspiration for John Carter and Barsoom? I have already mentioned Lupoff's hyperbolic conjectures, which are based on nothing more substantial than the points that Arnold's *Phra the Phoenician* is a man who several times spends a number of centuries in a state of suspended animation, to awaken for a decade or two into a new life of adventure, and that in *Gulliver of Mars* there is reference to a river which flows down to the south polar icecap, and on which the bodies of deceased Martians are floated on rafts to end up in the southern deep-freeze. Long before Lupoff, Sprague de Camp, Fritz Leiber and others were suggesting that John Carter and the various races of Barsoom were the mental offspring of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky's works expounding her theosophical doctrines. (I don't agree with that view either, but even so it is probably a little closer to the roots of ERB's conceptions than are Mr. Lupoff's precipitous conclusions.) But now allow me to speculate a bit too.

Picture a young Edgar Rice Burroughs standing guard duty on a moonlit desert army post in Arizona, as a member of the 7th Cavalry. It would not be difficult for an imaginative young man to pass the boring hours of guard duty in looking across that desolate land and visualizing himself as being on the dying planet Mars -- with red-skinned, barbarically-decorated warriors -- like the Apaches -- hidden behind the dunes and sage-covered ridges, ready to attack! Charging toward him on huge, elephant-like mounts. (Burroughs, a talented draftsman, drew just such a picture when he was a young man -- it was shown along with other ERB drawings at a slide-show given by Hulbert Burroughs at the Burroughs Bibliophiles' Dum-Dum in 1963.)

Indians mounted on elephants! Of course, American Indians like Apaches and Navajos don't ride elephants -- but Asiatic Indians do. All right, then, imagine Martian warriors adorned with feathered headdresses like the American plains Indians, riding across desert and sea-bottom, not on horses, nor elephants, but on giant "thoats" -- horse-like animals as big as elephants!

Burroughs was very interested in India: its people, its history, and its geography. And in the Barsoom stories we can discern quite a few ideas that look like curious mixtures of American Indian culture and customs, and those of India. Let us consider some:

On Barsoom we have the twin cities of Helium; in India we have Old and New Delhi, often called the twin cities. The wealth of the old potentates of India in

jewels and precious metals, and the splendor of Indian temples and idols, have long been fabled on Earth -- and ERB repeatedly describes to us the dazzling magnificence of "the thousand nameless jewels of Barsoom" and the fantastic richness of gold and other valuable metals in the ornamentation of Martian buildings, furniture, costumes, and even weapons. The evil, ugly goddess Issus of Barsoom has her earthly counterpart in Kali, the black death-goddess of India, with fang-like teeth, bloodstained tongue, face, and breasts, adorned with a necklace of human skulls, and like many of the gods of ancient India, multi-limbed. Kali was worshipped by the thuggee (from which we get the slang term "thug"), who murdered over twelve million people in her name!†

Like Barsoom, India is a land of ruined cities, of dead and lost civilizations; a land of fanatical fighters, where entire tribes take to the profession of soldiering. The Pathans (take a good look at that word!) of India are, according to the Encyclopedia Americana, "a warlike barbarian tribe, wild and unstable, that live nomadically and subsist by robbing and pillaging." Doesn't that put you in mind of the green men of Mars? Interestingly, too, in India lies "the great Desert of Thar." Just add a "K" to that last word!

Or think of the yellow men of Mars, living in "the Forbidden Land" beyond the icy mountain barriers of northern Barsoom -- and then of Tibet and China, home of the yellow Mongoloid peoples of Earth, which lie beyond the mountains of northern India, and which have for centuries been referred to as "the Forbidden Land."

In the Mars books we read about the River Iss on Barsoom, down which the Barsoomians who have wearied of life, and long for Paradise, take the voyage of no return. The book Hindu Ceremonies tells of the Indian custom of placing the dead, sick, or dying in the waters of rivers to float downstream to Paradise. Woodruff's Founders of Modern India asserts that all rivers in India "partake in some degree the sacredness of the Ganges. Therefore, when an old woman seemed likely to die, she was hurried to the water's edge; but there was no coming back from that journey." It was recently pointed out to me that some American Indian tribes, such as the Chinook, would place the blanket-wrapped bodies of warriors killed in battle in funeral canoes with their weapons, and send them drifting down toward the sea. We all know that the Vikings had a similar custom, placing their dead heroes on funeral pyres on long boats which were set sailing out upon the sea.

The Black Pirates of Barsoom are described as not negroid in feature, but rather like the aquiline-faced Hamite people of Oman in southeastern Arabia. Oman, separated from India only by the relatively small Arabian sea, was for centuries a pirate stronghold. Is Oman the earthly version of Omean?

Thus, is not Barsoom much like India? I make no claims that these suggestions are the true answers to the question of whence ERB drew the material for his Mars stories, but is it not possible that both he and Edwin Lester Arnold had the same source for their fantastic novels of unique adventure? Both men were students of India. Arnold's father, Sir Edwin Arnold, was even more so, and authored a non-fiction book, The Light of Asia.

My point here is that when ERB was searching the libraries of Chicago for material for his stories, he was looking for factual, historical, legendary and mythical ideas on which to base his yarns--he was not, as has been suggested, filching some other author's fiction!

Sophisticated readers of present-day science fiction tend to be super-critical of ERB's description of Barsoom, in blissful disregard of the fact that back in 1911 when this picture was created, it wasn't regarded nearly as far-fetched as today. Throughout the 19th century a great many professional astronomers openly supported the belief that the other members of our solar system were habitats of intelligent life -- and

intelligent life, in the thinking of the times, meant essentially "human life." True, the humans of these other worlds might differ a bit from us in appearance, physiology, and habits, but they would still be close kin to us biologically and psychologically.

Burroughs' Mars is seemingly compounded of ideas from diverse springs, but the basic premise, that Mars is a moribund planet on which an advanced humanoid species is waging a technological war for continued existence in the face of ever-waning natural resources -- especially air and water--may have been inspired by the views of Percival Lowell, the distinguished American astronomer who was the foremost exponent of the theory that the Martian "canals" are artificial waterways constructed by an enlightened race which came into being ages past, when the planet lumined in greater solar warmth and an adequate supply of life-giving materials.

Before 1900 the existence of atomic energy was virtually unsuspected. Most astronomers and physicists held to the Helmholtz Gravitational Contraction Theory as the explanation of the sun's energy. By this theory, the sun is a dying, slowly cooling star already far past its prime, and a million years are a very long step in a planet's relentless march from youthful vitality to cold, dark death. This is the thought that ERB expresses in his Mars books -- that a million years ago the Red Planet was a young, vital world, rich in all the needs of life.

Lowell expounded his theories in three books which were widely read during the first decade or two of this century: Mars, Mars and Its Canals, and Mars as the Abode of Life. A person of ERB's active interest in the challenging questions at the border-line of knowledge would very likely have read at least one of these works, and surely many references to them in the popular literature.

But although Lowell's conception of Mars may have been the primary basis for ERB's Barsoom, the fine details of Burroughs' picture of the Red Planet were drawn from other sources.

If it is acceptable that ERB may have based Barsoom on India, then who were John Carter and Dejah Thoris? They were actual historical persons who had a great deal to do with India. But that's another story, coming up in a future issue of The Burroughs Bulletin, in which we'll pursue this subject a bit deeper.

Back to Kaor. Pardon me, I mean Kor and HEN!

In his book, The Big Swingers, Robert W. Fenton suggests that ERB may have been paying tribute to H. Rider Haggard when he entitled one of his stories H.R.H. The Rider. In my opinion this idea is not as far-fetched as it may appear at first blush. When Burroughs submitted his first story for publication he used the pseudonym "Normal Bean", a pun intended to suggest to his readers that he was not crazy, but had a "normal head." Bean was slang for head in those days. I mention this because the pun-name is often thought to mean "Normal Bein" (g). It would not be unlike Burroughs to kid around with words and entitle a story H.R.H. The Rider, giving the title a double play on words: H.R.H. being Haggard's initials, yet also meaning "His Royal Highness." So what about the rest of the title: The Rider? Well, how many of us really say writer? Don't we usually slur it into rider? So Burroughs could very well be telling us that he considered Haggard the king of romantic literature, by pun-funning around with the title of a story to indicate that H. Rider Haggard was indeed His Royal Highness, the Writer!

But this again is merely supposing, and I think the reader should be reminded that it is pure speculation when certain subjects are suggested as sources of a story while there is no actual proof.

But was it possibly HEN's She that inspired ERB to create La of Opar? I honestly don't know. Any one who claims it is so must provide proof of his contention, or he is not being honest. I do know that I met Haggard's She-who-Must-Be-Obeeyed, and was fascinated by her, long before I met La. She was real; She moved and lived, because I met "She" on the silent screen in the person of Betty Blythe. I treasure my photoplay edition of She, autographed by Miss Blythe, as much as any treasure from the vaults of Opar. It was later that I met HEN's She in that magnificent volume of high adventure. Still later, I met her again as portrayed by Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1935, with Randy Scott as Leo.

† In his book Lupoff suggests that Otis A. Kline got his inspiration for Tar, Son of the Tiger from the multi-limbed creatures of ERB's Barsoom. Actually, Kline simply had the ancient gods of India hiding out in an underworld beneath the Indian subcontinent.

Although I had seen La portrayed by at least two actresses on the screen, it was not until 1930 that I met her in ERB's books, which I had discovered were available in Grosset & Dunlap editions. Haggard's She lost some of her glamor, and La of Opar became my favorite female character created by Burroughs. Although both these fascinating women — Haggard's Ayesha and ERB's La — ruled lost cities, not once did I identify one with the other.

Darrell C. Richardson, the Max Brand authority who has equal expertise in ERB and HNH, wrote a very interesting article, "She and L'Atlantide," which appeared in the Science-Fiction Adviser for January, 1952. The article deals with the novel L'Atlantide by Pierre Benoit, and the controversy over the book's similarity to She. Haggard's publishers even started legal proceedings against Benoit for plagiarism. But not once in this article, nor in any of his dozens of others about fantasy and science-fiction, did Richardson compare "She" with Burroughs' La. Considering what an ERB and HNH fan Darrell is, this seems strange.

Samuel A. Peoples, a well known Burroughs authority, wrote in Burroughs Bulletin # 15 about Mabel Fuller Blodgett's *At the Queen's Mercy*, a story of African adventure in which two European explorers find a lost walled city ruled by Lah, the Queen. Lah and her subjects worship Hed, the serpent god, and Edha, the moon goddess. Lah is not only the Queen of her subjects, but has become their goddess as well, by entering the pit of the serpent, a huge python, and becoming "the Snake's Bride." This could be likened to "She's" bathing in the pillar of flame in Haggard's work. At the Queen's Mercy is filled with happenings reminiscent of She. In Blodgett's novel, Lah the Queen seeks to save the Outsiders from the fury of her subjects, but the hero is finally placed on the altar for sacrifice by the "followers of the moon," to be "eaten alive by the Mad Man of the Moon" — a "thing," a "man-beast" — but again is saved by the efforts of Lah. Following this rescue is a chapter entitled "The Red Witch Holds Her Revel" which is even reminiscent of John Carter's experience in the Arizona cave. Lah of course loses her heart to the hero, John Derring; he spurns her love, yet weeds her to save his friends — and is set free at her death.

Could Haggard's She have inspired Blodgett's Lah? Blodgett's story was published ten years after She. And could Lah have been the inspiration for ERB's La? No one can say for sure. Actually, in reading of She and Lah I am not so much reminded of La of Opar as I am of Nemone, Queen of the City of Gold. Perhaps it should be remarked in passing that Blodgett's Lah has a pet tiger, trained to kill at her command, and with which the Queen has a strange affinity like that between ERB's Nemone and her pet hunting lion, Belthar. Nemone stabbed herself when Belthar was killed by Jal-bal-jai; in the Blodgett story the Queen died first, whereupon her great tiger uttered "a long terrible cry," and remained standing over the body of his mistress while fire gutted the chamber in which she lay. If ERB chanced across the Blodgett book — published in 1897 — before he began writing, it may account for his putting "savor the tiger" in his original version of Tarzan of the Apes. But ERB also stated later that he drew much of his African background from the writings of Henry M. Stanley, in which there is reference to large cats as "tigers."

But there are further hints of a possible indebtedness of ERB to HNH. One of the radio serials syndicated by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. in 1931-36 was Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr. In 1939 this story was published as a daily newspaper picture-strip, and in 1947 as a Dell one-shot comic book, with some changes in the latter version. Briefly, the story concerns a small party in search of the lost city of Tohr (Kor?). When the party runs into trouble they are rescued by Tarzan and his friend Paul D'Arnot. After encountering giant yellow men, Tarzan and the safari are taken prisoner and led to the lost city, where they are brought before a veiled figure seated on a throne. The figure rises and drops the veil, revealing a beautiful woman, Ahtea (Ayesha?), Queen of Tohr. Ahtea takes the group on a tour of the city, allowing them to witness the sacrifice of a human being to the Fires of Tohr. Live lions and lion idols are all about the city, and one mighty

lion, Keba, is the guardian of "the treasure caves of Tohr." Tarzan kills Keba in combat, infuriating Ahtea, who sentences the captives to death in the Fires of Tohr—but offers Tarzan the treasure of Tohr and freedom for his friends if he will stay with her as consort. The apeman's friends refuse to let him make the sacrifice — all except Dr. Wong Tai. The rest of the party are taken away while the Oriental remains with Ahtea. Though thought to be a traitor, Wong is actually trying to save Tarzan and company. The apeman is put to work in the jewel pits of Tohr where eventually he leads the slaves to revolt, and with the aid of elephants overthrows Ahtea's rule. The Queen takes refuge in the sacrificial room and attempts to bargain with Tarzan for her throne in return for the life of Janette Burton, the daughter of the safari's leader. As the Queen is about to hurl Janette into the Fires of Tohr, Dr. Wong Tai leaps forward and drags Ahtea with him into the fire-pits of Tohr, thus saving Janette.

There is much in this story to remind us of She and At the Queen's Mercy, as well as of Tarzan's adventures among the Lion Men and the Elephant Men in earlier books. Did ERB get the idea of the veiled Queen Ahtea from Ayesha in Haggard's She? Were the Fires of Tohr suggested by the Pillar of Fire at Kor? It would seem so; yet according to Hulbert Burroughs it is possible that ERB himself did not write the Tohr story at all, but hired a ghost-writer for the job.*

In a later daily strip adaptation (1948), the veiled Queen is called Merala. She falls in love with Tarzan and lets him witness her ritual bath in a cold blue-white flame called "the Pillar of Life." In this version Wong again saves the girl from the outer world as he did in Fires of Tohr, but Merala falls into the flame and becomes "bent and twisted with incredible age," and turns into a handful of dust — practically the identical fate which overtakes Ayesha in Haggard's She.

So many lost race stories have been written — tales of lost cities with beautiful, deathless queens and priestesses — both before and after She, that it is impossible to say with assurance which ones served as sources for which others.** And let's not forget the movies. Remember James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, and the lovely young girl who turned into a decrepit, ancient hag when she left the hidden city of Shangri-La? Or recall that classic of horror films, *The Mummy*, starring Boris Karloff, in which an ancient Egyptian is buried alive, to return to life more than twenty centuries later and begin searching for his lost Princess. At the end of the film the frightful mummy crumbles into dust. Was this idea too borrowed from the pages of She? I know of no novel on which the screen play was based, but does it greatly matter? I love the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Henry Rider Haggard and a few hundred others who wrote exciting, colorful stories to entertain. I care not whence these master story-tellers drew their ideas. Let those who will attempt to track down the ultimate sources of the ideas used by ERB and HNH and other gifted writers of high adventure; let them try to show that Burroughs and Haggard and the rest stole their plots from the obscure works of lesser literary lights; let them try to debunk the real immortals of imaginative fiction. I am sure that the talents they seek to belittle will continue to shine for generations with undimmed splendor, while the debunkers can hope for only a sort of parasitic immortality, like the person who becomes a distasteful paragraph in history by assassinating a famous man.

As regards the origins of the fascinating concepts encountered in imaginative fiction, let HNH have the last word:

"The reader must form his own opinion on this as on many other matters. I have mine..."

* Most likely the "ghost," if there was one, was the party who "authored" or converted ERB's outline into the radio drama, "Tarzan and the Fires of Tohr"

** The source of Blodgett's walled city, Haggard's city of Kor, Burroughs' Opar and Cathne, may be the Biblical Ophir, King Solomon's source of gold.

LUANA



**ON APRIL 15, 1960 A PLANE CRASHED
IN THE UNTAMED AFRICAN JUNGLE
THE SURVIVOR — A YOUNG GIRL!**

SOL FRIED presents

LUANA



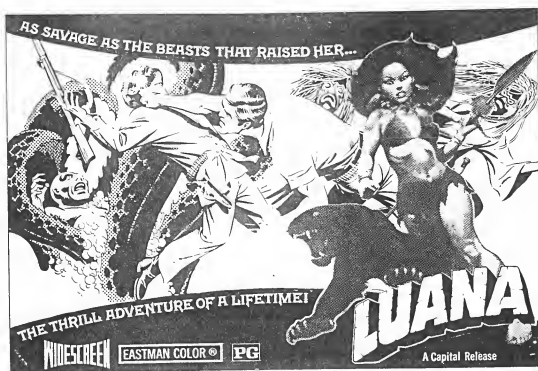
**AS SAVAGE AS THE BEASTS THAT RAISED HER...
THE THRILL ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME!**

Capital Productions presents LUANA starring GLENN SAXON • E. YAKOV • AL THE MAX • JAC BUSHINGAME
and PEITRO TORDI • produced in association with PRINEX ITALIA, AN • MULTIFILM PRODUCTION • directed by BOB RAYMOND • screenplay
by LOUIS ROAD • music by STELLO DIPRIANO • SOL FRIED • DOLBY DIGITAL • DOLBY DIGITAL

WIDESCREEN

PG

PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE
FOR CHILDREN UNDER 10



SYNOPSIS

A convoy is filing into the African jungle. It is in search of priceless ancient artifacts. The leader, GEORGE BARRETT (GLENN SAXON), a young American, is set upon by natives. He is wounded by darts from blow guns, carrying poison from the drug of a rare giant toad. Barrett is left for dead, when suddenly, the figure of an exotic young jungle girl stealthily approaches. She is LUANA (MEI CHEN); with her hair pigtails, a chimp and a black panther. Cautiously viewing the young American, she rushes to his side and extracts the poisoned darts. As Barrett blacks out, he observes the girl wearing a golden charm bracelet. Barrett soon recovers and calls for his aide, ROBERTO (PEITRO TORDI), who appears from the jungle to carry Barrett to the safety of the party.

A private plane is flying low. Aboard is ISABELLE (EVI MARAD), a pretty American girl in search of her father, a distinguished scientist, who, 15 years ago, while bent on a scientific mission in the interests of a rare drug plant, had crashed in his plane with his wife, an oriental princess, and their 3-year old daughter. She seeks out Barrett, having read an account of her father's death in a book written and published by Barrett.

Isabelle persuades Barrett to head a search party, to ascertain the truth of her father's crash. Arrangements are overheard by a hostile native CHIEF (RAF BALDASSARRE), seated in a corner closely in the bar where Isabelle found Barrett, a well known figure in the Congo.

Albright, in fear of exposure, hopes to sabotage the search. He approaches Isabelle, who grants his request, in view of his former association with her father, to join the quest.

The party sets out the following day, led by Barrett. Along the march they pass through a Wandering Village; there the black chief and Barrett are thrown into conflict. It ends in a deep hatred for Barrett, who, fearing mischief by the Chief, has him bound over and put under guard instead of killing him. During the night Isabelle, asleep, is saved from the deadly bite of a tarantula by the ever-watching Luana, who follows the party. Albright, in a midnight encounter with his partner in crime, the Chief, spies Luana closely in the bush; his eyes focus on a golden charm bracelet, in the moonlight. It is identical to the one worn by Isabelle! Afraid of disclosure, he attempts to gun down Luana's pet panther, about to charge him, but fails in the attempt. The ruckus awakens the camp.

Resting down the Zambesi River next morning, the party stops for rest. As Barrett awakens from a nap, Luana is staring down. An old hand mirror she had obviously recovered from the wrecked plane, leads Barrett on. Luana bids him to a nearby spot, springs into the river, and soon comes to with a gold watch and chain. Barrett and Isabelle don scuba gear; in an underwater search they recover the father's file which contains scientific data on the rare plant and his personal diary, which convicts Albright. The Chief bursts into the scene, attacks Albright, by his own gun, and Isabelle, with Barrett, bids adieu to Luana, now revealed as Isabelle's younger half-sister. Both agree it is better that she remain, with her adopted pets, in her native jungle paradise as the youthful jungle queen, which she is.

CAST

George Barrett	GLENN SAXON
Roberto	PEITRO TORDI
Isabelle	EVI MARAD
Luana	MEI CHEN
John Kent	JAC BUSHINGAME
Norman Albright	AL THOMAS
Chief	RAF BALDASSARRE

CREDITS

Director of photography	Ivan Giovanni Scatuglie
Original screenplay	Loula Road
Camera operator	Idelmo Simonelli
Edited by	Marras Agostini
Cinematographer	Nicola Tamburro c.s.c.
Location photography	Francesco Groppioni
Location sound recording	Antonelli
Costumes by	Rolando Salvatori
Grip	Eltona Garbin
Director of animal sequences	Mario Capriotti
Director of underwater sequences	Luciano Volpato
Production supervisor	Paolo Inseccati
Directed by	Bob Raymond
Sound by	Westrex Systems
Produced by	Primax Italiano
Music by	Stavio Cipriani

A Sol Fried-David Roth presentation
A Capital Productions Release
Filmed in Eastman Color & Wide Screen

RATED **G** ALL AGES ADMITTED
EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

RUNNING TIME: 90 MINUTES

UANA

A SMALL PLANE
DESCENDED
AFRICA SUDDENLY
FALTERED AND
CAME INTO AN
UNNAMED LAKE



IT WAS THE ONLY
ONE FOR
32 YEARS OLD
32. LAUGHED FROM
THE WATER BY A
TWO WIVES



YEARS PASS -
ON A VAST
NIGHTLY AND
DURING ONLY THE
SALVAGE BEARS
ON THE WILDS



UANA



DEEP INTO A NEW ONE
HERE ON A BARGE
ALONG THE LAKE
OF A WINTER DIS
WINTER IN 34 32 35



SHE WAS THE
STRIKE FROM
AND SH



GEORGE SHRETT
THE BARGE LEADER
GOES DOWN BUT JUST
AS SUDDENLY THE
DEATH BEARS
ARE FLEEING IN TERROR

UANA



IN A DARK-FOUL
HAZE GEORGE IS
FINALLY AWARE THAT
A LOVE HAS
SAVES HIS LIFE
WHEN HE REALIZES
CONVULSIONS
SHE IS GONE



BACK IN 1932, GEORGE IS
ASKED BY SHELLIE AN AMERICAN
32 TO LEAD A BARGE TO THE
CUTS WHERE HER FATHER CRASHED
32 PLANE MANY YEARS BEFORE

WE CANNOT ALLOW
THEY TO BE
ONTO WHERE WE
ARE THE MEN
TO GO



GEORGE'S STRENGTH AND BRAVERY
THAT MANY ATTEMPTS TO KILL
HIM
YIP-HI! I
SURRENDER!

UANA



DOWN!

THE SECRET
TURNS DEEP INTO
THE "EXPLORE"
BEHIND THE
CONSTITUTION
SHE'S NEW FROM
NEW 32 35 34 35



GEORGE WAS
LEA...
UNWARY -
THE RIVER
NOISE HATCHED
BY AN AMERICAN
THE KNOCK
THE WAGON WAS
THE 32 35 34 35



STANGE
FEELING
AND
CLOSING
THE
32

SLIPING
IN THE
TRAIL SHE
TEMPTED A
DEADLY
SPIDER AWAY
FROM ITS
VICTIM!

UANA



THE BARGE IS...
THE 32 35 34 35
THE 32 35 34 35
THE 32 35 34 35



SUDDENLY THE
WINTER DIS
WINTER DIS
WINTER DIS
WINTER DIS

IN A SALVAGE
ON THE GEORGE IS
THE 32 35 34 35
THE 32 35 34 35
THE 32 35 34 35



GEORGE WAS
32 35 34 35
32 35 34 35
32 35 34 35
32 35 34 35



Jungle heroines swing through film history with the greatest of ease, as shown in this photomontage of famous nature girls of the silver screen. Left to Right, Enid Markey played first Jane to Elmo Lincoln in 1918's "Romance of Tarzan" while Frances Gifford donned boots in 1940's "Jungle Girl" serial. Maureen O'Sullivan takes to the vines as Tarzan's most famous mate (She later became Mia Farrow's mother). Next, Lorna Gray befriends ape (Emile VanHorne) in 1942's "Perils of Nyoka" as Lois Hall gets man-handled by natives in 1949's "Daughter of the Jungle." Last inset at the right shows Mei Chen, lovely Eurasian actress, as "Luana", Hollywood's newest jungle queen.



AD- LIBS

We know that some of the Burroughs Bibliophiles think it is a waste of space to devote so much of it to the "comics" and their artists, but we must remember that many of us were first attracted to ERB's written works by something visual. Perhaps a movie, or the art on the cover of a magazine, paperback, or dust jacket of a book. Maybe it was the old illustrated strips of 1929 and the 30's, when the pix by Foster and Maxon would entice you to read the abbreviated text of ERB's Tarzan novels which appeared beneath each picture. Or was it the Sunday color page in the "comic" section? The Big Little Books, which were kin to the Tarzan strip but with the text and pix side by side rather than above and below...which were also the forerunners of the "comic books" that became their replacements. Was it COMICS ON PARADE, TIP TOP, SPARKLER, THE FUNNIES, POPULAR, One-shots from UFS or Dell or the Dell, Gold Key, and, yes, even Charlton, that lured you into reading your first ERB novel? It may have even been the TV series!

What was the first thing we did when we got our hands on a new Burroughs book? We would scrutinize all those beautiful St. John illos which would act as a stimulus to steep ourselves in another stirring saga from the imaginative powers of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Some may ask "What has art got to do with comics?" The answer is "A helluva lot!" But for the fact that St. John refused to shackle himself with a dead line, he would have been the first artist to do the Tarzan strip! Anyone who can look at the fine work of Hal Foster, Alex Raymond, Winsor McCay, Milt Caniff, Will Eisner, Herriman, Swinnerton and so many others whose work have appeared in "comics" and can still proclaim that it is not art deserves Picasso! Even the work of Virgil Finlay and St. John have appeared in comic books! Don't we all like to look at a good illo...at pictures...at art or movings? Hasn't a good illo often caused you to read the text? Sure it has...and the DC comic book versions of the ERB novels are causing many a young reader to go out and buy his first ERB book and making him and thousands of others like him into fans of ERB's written works.

This is not to say that all the efforts of DC to picture ERB's works have been successful or even pleasing to ERB fans. Far from it! We especially thought JOHN CARTER received atrocious treatment by DC. And when he was placed on the drawing board of Howard Chaykin, we were really shaken!! JC was literally skewered by the pen of Chaykin and in our not so humble opinion it was done with malice aforethought. In short, the Warlord of Barsoom was shafted!! Chaykin's art for JC was a terrible...but to say Chaykin is a terrible artist would not be truthful. JC has been replaced in WEIRD WORLDS by Chaykin's own "creation", IRON-WOLF, which owes one heluvalot to JC, plus other S&S and s-f bits and pieces. Of course, Lord Iron-Wolf is an anti-hero, whose first act is far from being Lord-like...he slaps an Empress, then concludes the first episode by tossing another female on her keester. But as an artist, Chaykin is not too bad, after you realize the guy seems to have a fetish for boots and the action is supposed to be viewed as if you are in a horizontal position flat on the floor...which seems to make all the characters look ten feet tall, thick-thighed and pin-headed. No JC is better than JC by DC...it's just too bad that both Chaykin and DC could not have worked a bit harder on JC. Who knows, it might have resulted in making the higher royalties DC was beefing about worth their efforts. But there was no room in WEIRD WORLDS for Iron-Wolf as long as JC was around...kinda weird, ain't it? Don't worry, gang, JC still lives...and he will return!

We are sure of one thing...no matter what your opinion of "comics" may be, you will find our feature article this issue, by John Pocsik, interesting, entertaining, and enlightening. Mr. Pocsik has been contributing to the Burroughs Bulletin in a variety of ways for many years and though this is his first feature article in the Bulletin, it is by no means his debut as a writer. His first professional work was for the late sage of Sauk City, August Derleth, who thought so well of the manuscript submitted by John that he was asked to complete one of Robert E. Howard's unfinished stories. Both works were eventually published by Arkham House. His writing continues to appear under his own name and a pseudonym while holding down a job on K.C.'s film row and fighting off attempts of the management to send him to N.Y. In his spare time he does articles and film reviews for the pro show big publications, collects and reads historical, Gothic, and sword & sorcery novels...with a special liking for Solomon Kane and the Gray Mouser, Fritz Leiber, movies, Disney, animation (Kong type), Sam Peckinpaw, Mike Kaluta, Bernie Wrightson, Dick Tracy, and

his wife, Linda...who happens to love John Carter. His intro to ERB was THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. It is a pleasure to welcome John Pocsik to the staff of the BB. We'll be glad to hear what you think of his article in this issue...and so will John.

Now about that? Fraczetta and Manning in the same issue! Both came up with excellent art for a new film, LUANA, which you will be able to see on your screens at a theatre near you in the near future. Not only did Fraczetta & Manning both do art for the film's publicity but in one of the ads their work was combined for a very interesting effect (see page 19). Here are two great Tarzan artists working together on a "Jungle Girl" project...wouldn't it be great if they could work together on the TARZAN strip??? There was one of first great illustrated strips...and the first really great high adventure art page in the Sunday "comics" section. With the semi-retirement of Hal Foster, there no longer exists such a page...but with Frank and Russ, working together, Tarzan could once again become the terrific color art page it once was...in full page size yet! HAY!

Re our article on H.R.H. & SHE, we must complement Frank Brueckel for the typesetting and editorial job he did on it...real neat!! And if you don't think so...you should have seen the messwords that he was sent to work on. Since we are on the subject and this seems to be a comics and movie issue of the BB, there's another two bits to add to the SHE article. In the 1948 adaptation of THE FIRES OF TOHR, no less than four artists worked on the strip, including Dan & Sy Barry, John Lehti, and Paul Reinman. Dan is now doing FLASH GORDON. Sy is doing THE PHANTOM, Lehti's doing STORIES FROM THE BIBLE, and Reinman is now working with Mike Royer on KA-ZAR. And don't sell the idea of SHE as an inspiration for THE MUMMY short. In H.R.H.'s novel, SHE, in a jealous rage, had Kallikrates, a priest of Isis, whom she loved, killed because he dared love a Princess of the Pharaohs. SHE then kept the body of Kallikrates in a marvelous state of preservation with the use of leaves from a certain tree. Karloff's MUMMY was a priest who was buried alive for the same kind of crime...Tom Tyler suffered the same fate for the same reason in "THE MUMMY'S HAND", a remake of the Karloff classic and first of a whole series of pix in which THE MUMMY was resurrected by the use of certain leaves.

Forgot to mention that Ballantine Books will also be doing a special paperback ed of LUANA. The films advertising art will be featured on the covers...a preview of which you have in this issue.

This is 30...but we've only begun...

Yam



